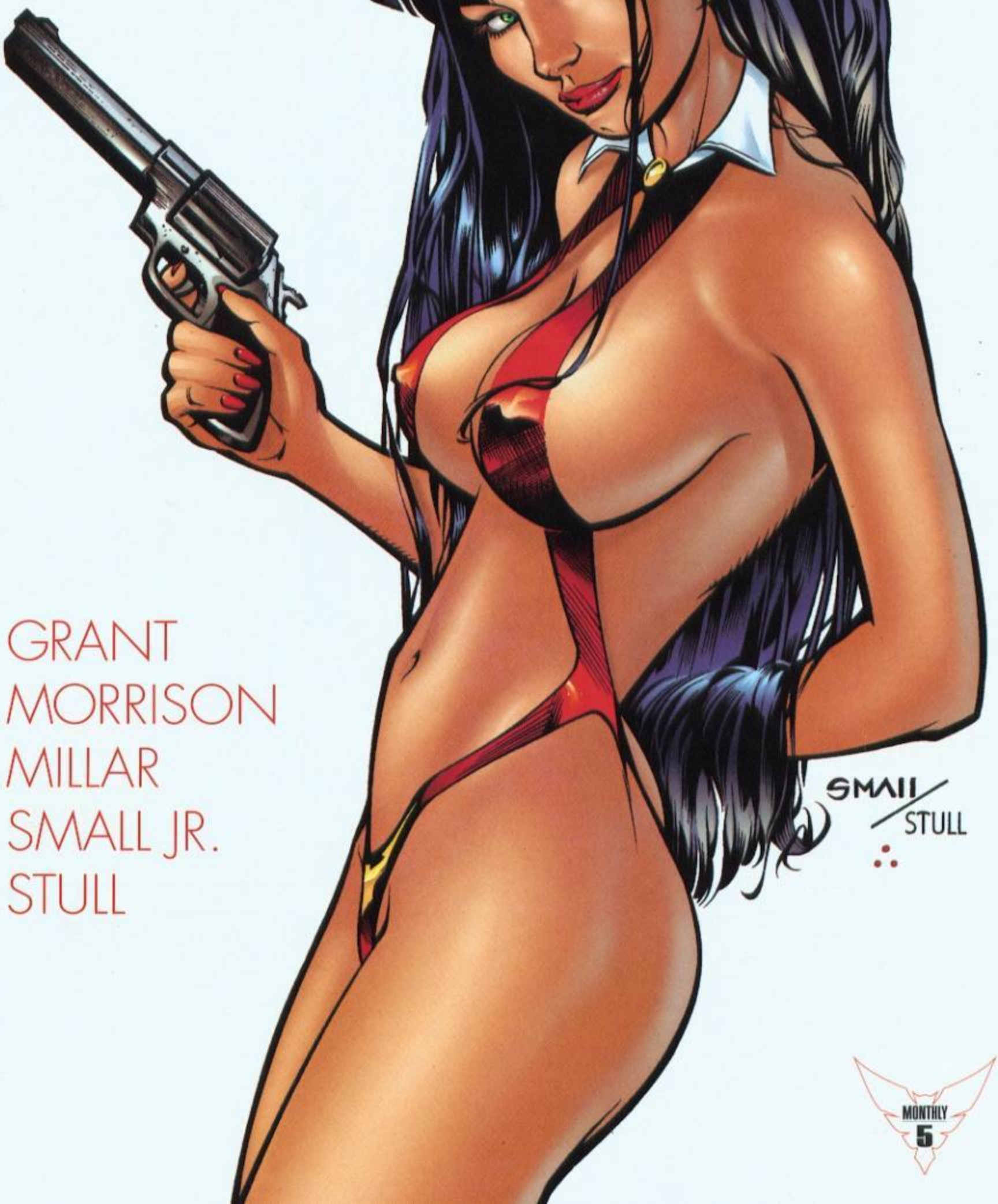
HARRIS COMICS

HOLY WAR 2 OF 3

VAMPIRELLA®



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MONTHLY 5

HARRIS COMICS

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HOLY WAR
PART TWO:
VAMPIRICON!

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THE STORY SO FAR

Captured by Von Kreist, Dixie and the drugged Vampirella are flown to the evil Shadow Vatican in Rome. En route, they are rescued by the mysterious order of red leather-clad nuns.

Nurtured back to health with fresh blood, Vampirella recovers... only to find out that Dixie has been lured back to Von Kreist! Ready to rescue Dixie from the clutches of the Shadow Vatican, Vampi is stopped by Mother Superior who prophesies not only Vampi's death, but the end of the world as well!

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DESIGN BY VOLTAGE

ROME. HARD TO BELIEVE THIS WAS ONCE THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

AND THIS IS THE WORLD'S BLACK HEART, *IL PALAZZO DI GHIACCIO ROSSO*, TEN CENTURIES RUINED. SO MOTHER SUPERIOR SAYS.

THE PALACE OF RED ICE. THE ANTI-VATICAN OF THE VAMPIRE CHURCH.

HERE THE FUTURE WILL BE SLAUGHTERED. SO MOTHER SUPERIOR SAYS.

IF YOU CARE ABOUT PROPHECY.

ME...ALL I CARE ABOUT IS *DIXIE.*

GIVE IT UP, *FATTONI.*

WHAT *HOPE* CAN YOU STILL HAVE, IN THIS *HELL* ON *EARTH?*

DON'T EVEN IMAGINE YOU HAVE THE *SLIGHTEST* CHANCE OF SURVIVING.

WHAT MAKES *YOU* ANY BETTER THAN *THIS* ONE?

NOTHING.

THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHETHER *I* KILL YOU...

...OR LEAVE YOU TO *THEM.*

TAKE MY WORD, SURVIVAL IS *OVERRATED.*

YOUR *UNHOLINESS.*

THIS IS THE *BLACK POPE,* GIRL.

KEEP THE *SUPERFLY* JOKES TO YOURSELF.

WHAT'S *SHE* DOING HERE?

I *TOLD* YOU-- IF SHE *LIVES,* MY REIGN DIES. THE BLACK BISHOP *WARNED* ME.

OR DO YOU PLAY AT *BETRAYING* ME?

I *PERFECTED* BETRAYAL, VON KREIST.

SHE'S BAIT.

PLAY AGAINST *ME* AND YOU *LOSE.*

FOR VAMPIRELLA. AH.

SHE'S *YOUR* RESPONSIBILITY.

SHE OUTLIVES VAMPIRELLA BY NOT ONE SECOND, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YOUR EXCELLENCY? SOMETHING APPROACHING.

IT'S MOVING TOO FAST TO IDENTIFY.

"YOU CAN'T GO IN," SHE SAID.

"DIXIE WILL BE SAFE," SHE SAID.

I MEAN, HOW COULD SHE *KNOW* THAT?

AND MOTHER SUPERIOR SAID AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

I *AM* DIXIE FATTONI! I *LIVED!*

IT'S *YOU* THE BLACK POPE KILLED, AND *WHEN* YOU DIED YOU TOOK THE FUTURE *WITH* YOU!

ISN'T THAT WHY I'M *TRAINING* -- SO I CAN GET HIM FIRST?

IF *SPARRING* IS ALL WE'RE GOING TO DO, YOU'RE WASTING MY *TIME.*

THE SISTERHOOD HAS TRAINED *US* SINCE WE WERE *CHILDREN.* DID YOU EXPECT TO LEARN ALL OUR SKILLS IN AN *HOUR?*

I DON'T EVEN HAVE AN HOUR!

WOODEN STAKES? AND *WAY* MORE THAN I CAN HANDLE.

PATIENCE IS A *VIRTUE,* VAMPIRELLA.

ARE YOU TRULY PREPARED FOR ANYTHING?

THAT'S PLAYING *DIRTY,* MOTHER.

I *KNEW* THERE WAS SOMETHING I *LIKED* ABOUT YOU.

BUT AFTER SOME OF THE THINGS *I'VE* FOUGHT, THIS IS *NOTHING.* I EXPECTED SOMETHING *TOUGHER.*

WE WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.

POOM

POOM

AND NOW YOU'RE DEAD.

EVEN YOU CAN'T WATCH EVERYTHING AT ONCE.

THAT'S WHY HE'LL KILL YOU.

I'M STILL GOING AFTER DIXIE.

AND HUMANITY WILL BE REDUCED TO A *CROP,* RAISED AND HARVESTED LIKE CATTLE, BECAUSE *YOU* WOULDN'T LISTEN.

THAT'S THE FUTURE, VAMPIRELLA! I KNOW! I COME FROM THERE!

YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT...

"...BUT YOU DIDN'T *LIVE.*"

YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM THE *BLACK BISHOP* NOW?

I TAKE... ADVICE.

DON'T YOU OUTRANK HIM?

SHUT UP, VON KREIST. HE'S NOT THAT KIND OF BISHOP.

CLICK

"*WHATEVER* IT IS, SECURITY, TAKE IT *DOWN.*"

"YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY."

WE'VE LOST SIGHT OF VAMPIRELLA. FIRST UNIT, MOVE *IN.*

REMEMBER, HER SURVIVAL IS OUR *PRIORITY.*

INCOMING IS *DESTROYED*, YOUR EXCELLENCY.

DON'T BELIEVE THAT FOR A *SECOND*. NOT IF IT WAS VAMPIRELLA.

NOT UNTIL I *PERSONALLY* EXTIRPATE THE RESILIENT BITCH.

HOLD THIS ONE FOR ME. DON'T BE FOOLED BY HER CALLOW, CLEAN-SCRUBBED LOOKS--SHE'S *LETHAL*.

IF I COME BACK TO FIND HER *DEAD* OR *GONE*, I'LL ROAST YOU ALIVE IN A NICE *GARLIC* SAUCE.

HANG IN THERE, DIXIE... I'M COMING, BABY...

VAMPIRES... I CAN HEAR *VAMPIRES*... THE SICKLY, WHEEZING WAY THEY *BREATHE*... I CAN *SMELL* THEM...

WHERE *ARE* THEY?

NOTHING HERE BUT RUINS.

GLASS FLOORS? RED GLASS... THE PALACE OF RED ICE...

NOW I GET IT.

BEAUTIFUL.

BLOODSUCKERS WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES...

"TEN *YEARS* I WAS TRAPPED IN THAT HORROR..."

...*HIDING*, LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL, AS EVERYTHING I KNEW WAS GROUND INTO RUBBLE *FOREVER!*

WHAT *VON KREIST* MADE ME DO TO MY *FATHER**, THAT WAS *PARADISE* BY COMPARISON.

YOU'RE *INSANE.*

"THROWING YOUR LIFE AWAY WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO, *THAT'S* INSANE."

AFTER YOU *DIED*, DO YOU KNOW *HOW* I SURVIVED? AS THEIR TOY!

YOU *SWORE* TO DIXIE YOU'D *NEVER* LET ANYONE HURT HER AGAIN.

"YOU LIED."

CRASH

* VAMPIRELLA ASCENDING EVIL #2

" SIX MONTHS AFTER YOUR DEATH, VAMPIRES SWARM IN FROM HELL BY THE *THOUSANDS!*

"HUMANITY *FIGHTS,* BUT EVERY VAMPIRE THAT FALLS LEAVES A DOZEN VICTIMS TO TAKE HIS PLACE!"

HI! REMEMBER *ME?* SOMETHING ABOUT *BOOTS* AND *BLOOD?*

BRITTANY, ISN'T IT?

I'M *ALWAYS* THINKING OF YOU.

"WITHIN THREE YEARS, IT'S ALL OVER.

"A SCATTERED RESISTANCE FIGHTS FOR THE REST OF THE DECADE, BUT IT'S TOO LATE.

"THE WORLD IS THEIRS.

"IF YOU GO INTO THE ANTI- VATICAN, YOUR LIFE WILL HAVE MEANT NOTHING!"

BLOOD PLASMA!

THE WALLS ARE FILLED WITH *PLASMA!*

"ABSOLUTELY *NOTHING!*"

AND I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE YOUR *WORD* FOR THIS?

YOU DON'T *BELIEVE* ME.

NICE WEAPONS. SOME OF THESE... A NEW CHASTITY LATEX SUIT... *THAT* MIGHT EVEN THE ODDS SOME.

BUT YOU'RE NOT SAYING THE ONLY THING THAT *MATTERS.*

TELL ME YOU *KNOW* DIXIE LIVES IF I DON'T GO IN.

"I... CAN'T..."

FAK FAK FAK

THAT'S *VON KREIST!*

WHAT THE *HELL--?!*

LET *ME* SHED SOME LIGHT.

FIAT LUX!

AAHHH

WATCH THE *SUNLIGHT BURST*-- WE CAN'T *WASTE* THEM.

LET'S GO PUT AN *INQUISITION* ON THESE SUCKERS!

BAZOOKAS! WIDE SPRAY!

FIRE!

I *LOVE* A GIRL WITH BIG BAZOOKAS, BUT YOU'RE GETTING *FREUDIAN* ABOUT IT.

KRAK!

TIME TO *CONSUMMATE* OUR "LOVE," BRITTANY.

SORRY I CAN'T LICK YOU *ALL OVER...*

... BUT OTHERS WILL BE RIGHT ALONG TO DO THAT, YOU BLEEDING BITCH--

BOOM

AHHH!

VAMPIRELLA!

DON'T BE A *SNOB!*

BOOM!

JOIN THE *PARTY!*

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR *HORS-D'OEUVRES.*

WHEN THEY'RE DONE WITH *YOU,* I'LL FEED THEM *DIXIE!*

BOOM

DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

WE'RE UNDER *ATTACK!*

DAMN IT! THE GIRL!

THERE'S AN ALPO FLAVOR YOU NEVER HEAR ABOUT.

THINK THEY'LL LIKE IT ON A STICK?

SLUT!

THUCK!

I WISH!

THAT WAS VON KREIST'S CHAIR! HE'LL FEED OUR HEARTS TO DOGS FOR THAT!

COOL SWORDS, GUYS!

CRAPPY TV, THOUGH. NOBODY ON IT SPEAKS ENGLISH.

I'M GONNA REGRET THIS--

-- BUT THIS CONTROL COLLAR HAS GOT TO GO.

SKCSHZZZZ

AFTER *ALL* YOU'VE SURVIVED, TO BE DRAGGED DOWN BY SOME DEGENERATE THIRD-RATE *COURTIERS...*

YOU *DISAPPOINT* ME, VAMPIRELLA!

WE WOULDN'T WANT *THAT,* NOW WOULD WE?

THESE *GARLIC* SMOKE GRENADES WILL SCATTER YOUR VAMPIRE CRONIES--

-- AND THE SISTERHOOD'S *MONITORS* PICKED UP THE SIGNAL DIXIE'S *CONTROL COLLAR* TRANSMITS!

YOU'VE LOST THIS TIME, VON KREIST! *YOU'VE* LED ME RIGHT *TO* HER!

WHEN *SHE'S* SAFE, I'LL BE BACK FOR *YOU!*

VERY SCARY. IF I *HAD* A PULSE, I'M SURE IT WOULD BE *RACING.*

BY THE TIME *YOU* FIND YOUR LITTLE GIRLFRIEND, I'LL BE DOLING OUT HER *SCRAPS.*

YOUR *UNHOLINESS!* EVERYONE'S GETTING *SICK!*

DON'T BE SUCH A *CHRISTIAN,* YOU BLOATED SAC OF PUS. IT'S MERELY *GARLIC.*

BUT-- BUT-- BUT--

DEAL WITH IT!

SWITCH ON THE *VENTS!* ARM *EVERYONE!*

A *TERRORIST* IS LOOSE IN THE PALACE!

YOU'RE *TOO* KIND, CARDINAL.

I SEE *SOMEONE'S* BEEN BUSY.

POOR LITTLE DIXIE.

SO MUCH EFFORT FOR *NOTHING.*

I *NEED YOUR ROBES.*

AND YOUR *BLOOD.*

I THINK I'LL HAVE HER *CRAWL* BACK TO ME THIS TIME--

WHAT? HER *CONTROL COLLAR?*

THOSE *IDIOTS!*

STILL... THIS *IS* WHAT TRAPS ARE *MADE* OF...

SOMETHING *MOVED* DOWN HERE!...

... I SAW IT!

OH $#%*!

DON'T GO IN *THERE!*

THE CARDINAL SAID CHECK *EVERYWHERE!*

ARE YOU *INSANE?* THAT'S *HIS* STUDY!

WHAT ON EARTH...?

The Black Testament

DIXIE!

IT'S *ME!* THE NUNS GAVE ME A *TRACKER* FOR YOUR *COLLAR!* I CAN GET IT *OFF* YOU!

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE AWKWARD MOMENTS, ISN'T IT?

I'M AFRAID SHE GAVE *BOTH* OF US THE SLIP.

INTERESTING *TOOLS* THE NUNS USE. THIS BELONGED TO *BRITTANY,* I BELIEVE.

IT'S *FRUSTRATING.* I HAD SUCH *PLANS* FOR HER.

YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO *DO.*

OW!

TAK!

TAK!

ALL THOSE *CUTS* ARE COSTING YOU A LOT OF *BLOOD.* YOU MUST BE GETTING *WEAK.*

GO *AHEAD,* YOU BASTARD. JUST *TRY* TO KILL ME.

KILL YOU? NO, I'VE *TRIED* THAT.

IT NEVER SEEMS TO TAKE.

I CAN *ACCEPT* DEFEAT. YOU *CAN'T* BE KILLED.

BUT *THAT'S* FINE. YOU CAN HELP ME KEEP UP *MY SKILLS.*

IT'LL BE *NICE* TO WORK ON SOMEONE WHO *LASTS* FOR A CHANGE.

"... AND WHEN IT WAS THAT THE CHRIST WAS CONDEMNED, HE DESPAIRED--"

YOU READ *EXCELLENTLY,* CHILD.

THE *SUNLIGHT* KEEPS VAMPIRES AWAY. THE BOOK IS NOT FOR *THEM.* I NEVER DREAMED *YOU'D* COME HERE.

READ...

...WHILE YOU STILL HAVE *LIGHT.*

BY TOMORROW, NO ONE WILL *RECOGNIZE* YOU.

IN A YEAR, *YOU* WON'T RECALL WHAT YOU LOOKED LIKE. IN A *CENTURY,* A *MILLENNIUM,* WHO *KNOWS* WHAT I'LL THINK OF?

WE HAVE *ALL* THE TIME IN THE WORLD.

YOU WILL NEVER *DIE,* VAMPIRELLA.

BUT I GUARANTEE YOU'LL LIVE TO *REGRET* IT.

NEXT: DAY OF WRATH!

HOLY WAR

HARRIS COMICS

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